

My Grandfather and I.

Intro.

I have invited you this evening to pay a visit to my grandfather. It is no venerable, white haired old gentleman to whom I will introduce you, but a hearty young fellow, whose greatest fault is, that having been born 80 or 90 years before his grandsons, he is most terribly old fashioned. Seeing though that this is more his misfortune than his fault, you must excuse him if he proves rather slow and tedious. For he lived in slow times as we reckon speed. Science had yet to make those great discoveries which are to us the emblems of progress and enlightenment. For us the giant Steam labours, binding the nations together by iron rails, and bridging the ocean with swift ships, - turning vast and complicated machinery which pours forth in rapid stream all that is useful to our life, and essential to our comfort. Electricity brings us within speaking distance of far off peoples, linking ~~them~~ ^{us} to them by iron cords. Gas makes our night brilliant and safe, and cheap books and cheap instruction are making the night of ignorance break into the bright day of knowledge. So accustomed are we to these things that it is very hard for us to realize, ~~the state~~ the state of society when such things were not. Yet on ~~this~~ account of this very difficulty it is all the more necessary to attempt it, if we would have an intelligent understanding of what these wonderful discoveries have done for us.

To give a full picture of my grandfather's times

is more than my knowledge could compass, or the time ²
at my disposal allow. I can but hope to throw some
few lights which may somewhat diminish the darkness, & to
set before you a few sketches which may help you to
understand in what sort of a world our grandfathers
lived.

^{old times} Seventy years ago when the old century was going
ⁱⁿ ^{out} was a time of great changes, a period of great importance
ⁱⁿ ^{English} English history. France and England were hereditary
and mortal foes. They had long been at variance even in
the far ends of the world, struggling for colonial empire.
England had just lost her splendid colonies in North
America, & forced the United States into existence by her
injustice & folly. But she was gaining elsewhere. She had
driven her enemy from Canada, & had crushed her rival's
power in India, and was there building up a great empire,
how great she could then but dimly see. She had planted
her first little colonies in Australia, the small seed of
a nation. But near home, she was entering upon a
^{war} struggle for life or death, in which defeat would have
been ruin for her and for Europe. I speak of the Great
War which followed the French Revolution, beginning in
the year 1792 and continuing lasting for more than 20 years,
till it was brought to a close by the utter overthrow of
Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo. We have to deal only
with the earlier years of war, when the gloom was deepening
around, when England's best blood was being drained from
her, and her soldiers & sailors were winning their proudest
laurels in preserving the liberties of Europe from the tyranny
of a military despot. At home, too, the struggle for civil
liberty was going on and the battle being fought ^{gloom} against
arbitrary power, whether of king or of parliament. That
liberty of speech, too, which is the boast of England was

gained once & for ever. The great cotton trade ³ was in its infancy, and English Commerce was increasing & extending; the discoveries of Cook and other navigators opening out ever new fields for enterprise. But war, political history, great scientific discoveries are but the striking features of the picture, and even to comprehend these thoroughly we must undertake the more difficult task of filling in the background with the trifles which make up the everyday life of the people. This is the task we have before us to night.

~~Well~~ Let us begin by trying to get an idea of what our grandfathers looked like. ^{How did my Grandfather dress?} ^{London, Pitty, &c.} ^{supposing him to have been a moderate well to do} something like this. A coat of cloth, probably brown, with very long skirts and a large collar; a large waistcoat with great lappets, knee breeches of brown or drab, woollen stockings, low shoes with steel buckles: A shirt with ruffles and a white muslin cravat, completed the costume. Perhaps he wore a wig, as the immortal Johnny Relpin has left on record was his custom. "My hat and wig will soon be here, they are upon the road." But as wigs were then going out, he probably wore his brown hair well powdered, and drawn up into a queue or pig tail behind. I am not quite sure about the powder, for hair powder had been lately taxed, and ~~instantly~~ a thousand heads that had been frizzed like a negro's wool and whitened with powder, suddenly became black and brown. A better colour, and certainly much more cleanly. The mysteries of my grandmother's dress I am afraid to venture upon. Suffice it to say that it did not differ materially at that time from the present fashion, for ladies fashions after a most preposterous round have at length come back to much the same as they were 70 or 80 years ago. Before my grandmother grew much older however, she would have to drop her hoops, as ~~my granddaughters are~~

the ladies and be reduced to very small proportions, a revolution which is ^{now} taking place 70 years after, in the time of her granddaughters. Her waist too was destined to rise higher & higher every year, till it, perforce, finally stopped under her arms, from whence it gradually redescended to the natural position.

~~Father~~ If my grandfather's mother wanted to see the fashions, however, she might go down in the evening to Chelsea, and visit Ranelagh Gardens, where was a large room, a great resort as a fashionable promenade. Here all the world met to hear the news, to talk gossip, scandal, & the fashions. Clergy, statesmen, authors, fine ladies, fops, country gentlemen, city people, apprentices, highwaymen & thieves elbowed one another in the throng, the only check being the high price of admission. There she would ~~listen~~ to the fine band, and observe the fine ladies, with their hair plastered up into an enormously high head dress, and ^{with} painted ^{faces}, every one of them for at that time "All fashionable Europe was plastered with white and raddled with red." My grandfather would shake his head as he looked at the swells, or as he called them fops, beaux, or bucks. Their faces showed traces of paint, & their dress was extravagant and costly, covered with embroidery and gold lace. Many of them wore swords, ~~the~~ Their legs were encased in trunk breeches, & silk stockings, while enormous silver buckles adorned their shoes. This Ranelagh was the most decorous of their resorts, for Vauxhall, the Pantheon, Comely's, all fashionable places for both ladies & gentlemen, were scenes of such drunken riot and debauchery as would not now be tolerated for a day. The theatres were not much better, the plays being immoral, & the audience riotous & disorderly.

The profligacy that infected fashionable society was most glaring, the drunkenness, gambling, & vice that abounded we can hardly imagine. Fine gentlemen would swear in a way that would make your hair stand on end. Even the ladies

here not over refined; rage for gambling, appetite for scandal, levity of conduct, and a freedom of conversation that would now be considered licentious were characteristics of many fine ladies. The songs sung in fashionable society would be thought low in a pot house in these days, and the books read even by young ladies would hardly be tolerated in our times. Gaming was the great amusement of all classes; old & young, rich & poor, ladies & gentlemen, learned & ignorant were all alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse racing, cock fighting, prize fighting, betting, cards & dice were indulged in by every one even in the higher ranks. The gambling in Clubs and private houses was tremendous. My grandfather might have heard a tale, and a true one too, of how young Charles Fox, the rising statesman, had sat at hazard for 22 hours, losing in that time £10,000 or about £500 an hour: and another story perhaps more surprising of his winning £4000 one night, and sending for his tradesmen and actually paying them as far as the money would go. ^{cut.} He would have heard his father tell queer stories of ministers of state. Of Walpole whose contempt of decorum, grossness of conversation, & periodical debaucheries were proverbial. And worse of the Franciscan Club, comprising the Premier, Secretary of State, ^{Chancellor of the Exchequer} & other eminent men who met at a ruin called Medmenham Abbey, & there celebrated the most drunken & licentious orgies, including a most blasphemous parody of the rites of the Church of Rome. (Within his own recollection was the adventure of the great Mr. Pitt. Pitt, the Lord Chancellor, & the Secretary of the Navy had met for high jinks, & coming home & galloping through a turnpike had been fired at by the keeper for evading the toll. Fancy our feelings if we heard of Lord John Russell, Sir Geo. Grey, & Mr. Gladstone having been out for a spree, or Lord Derby, Stanley, & Disraeli meeting for a drunken frolic. This indicates the change of manners

In such a state of society infidelity was rife, and 6
contempt and derision for religious things openly expressed.
The example of King George 3^d & his court did much to make
open profanity & infidelity unfashionable.

~~Middle~~ ^{amongst} the middle classes more occupation ^{as a} checked acted
as a check upon vice, yet ignorance & coarseness were
the characteristics of a great part of them. The times were
joyful & plentiful, but rude ^{& gross} in speech ^{& gross} in manners.
Drunkenness was the great vice of all classes, after dinner
dozens upon dozens of wine disappeared instead of the half
dozen or so that now suffices at a country gentleman's house.
In the mercantile & trading classes the public house was then
a constant resort after the labours of the day. It was
considered the height of hospitality and good fellowship
to compel guests to drink till they arrived at a state of
delirium ~~or~~ insensibility. ^{cut}

~~clergy~~ The established clergy had at this time but little influence
for good. The better educated clergy were often only hangers
on of healthy families in towns, the vicars & rectors in the
country were generally only ecclesiastical squires joining
the gentry in hunting & carouses. The curate was miserably
paid, as Goldsmith says "Passing rich on £40 a year."
In point of education he was little above, and in social
position below the yeomen & tradesmen of the parish.
He had to labour with his hands to support his ragged & half
starved family; his children were brought up to manual labour,
his daughters generally went out to service. But amongst the
clergy even then there were many noble men, who were angels
of good in their parishes. Such men as Goldsmith delighted
to draw, and of whom he has left such charming ~~pictures~~
portraits in the "Deserted Village"; and in the inevitable
"Vicar of Wakefield". ^{begin}

~~the modern~~ Yet although there was so much prominent vica

the great body of the English people were sound at heart. England itself was then as always, a steadfast, deep feeling, true principled nation, moderately well informed and with much sound religious feeling. And there was then at work in the land a movement which did much for her social ^{reform} ~~self~~ ^{reform}. This was that waking up of religious feeling, of which is the Puritan spirit, which is known as the Evangelical revival, or as Methodism. It was mixed with much that was extravagant & erroneous especially among the least informed classes, but it effected a great social revolution in England. It fought successfully the infidel notions that came from Revolutionary France, gave fresh vigour to the churches, purified & raised the clergy in public esteem for usefulness, and spread a healthy moral feeling through the people. The favour of the King & his court made it somewhat fashionable. The political of influence, of Hilbery & other leaders made it ~~important~~ socially respectable. Their example, their conversation, their writings, (including works of genius like Cowpers Poems), raised the standard of public decorum. & spread the taste for domestic pursuits.

My grandfather ~~let us now look in upon my~~ Having thus seen the state of general society, let us look in upon my grandfather's daily life. In many a London Citizen's house, family and servants all lived together in the kitchen, and the parlour was reserved for Sundays & holidays. But as my grandfather was a quiet man who liked domestic life, and was moreover somewhat bookish he preferred the parlour all the week through. The room was adorned with portraits of himself & wife, which he set great store by, for though they did not come up to the commonest photographs now, and made the unfortunate couple look ~~as~~ if they had ~~to~~ like ships figure heads, it was not every one who could afford oil paintings, & these had cost more pounds than photographs now cost pence. Some other portraits there

were, hideous little ~~black~~ abominations cut out of black & paper, supposed to represent the profiles of different friends & relatives. The room also contained a harpsichord, for pianos were not, and on this his wife would play old fashioned English music, or perhaps some new piece of Calcott, or Haydn or Mozart. But my grandfather's favourite employment ^{Books} was reading to his wife as she sat sewing or knitting, and a very fair choice of books he had. Noble old Samuel Johnson was his literary oracle, quite as good a one as many of modern times. Of recent novels Tristram Shandy, & the Vicar of Wakefield were his favourites. He never tired of Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim & the rest, & knew the Peverell family as well as his cousins. He did not altogether banish sensation novels, and read with great excitement the last new ones, ^{Sustara} Godwin's Caleb Williams, & St Leon, & Mrs Radclyffe's Mysteries of Udolpho; books as probable & improving & quite ^{more} clever than The Roman in White & Lady Audley's Secret. In poetry ~~besides a bound~~ ^{love for the old Poets} he read Thomson & Goldsmith, but his favourite was Cooper with his quiet, simple, manly verse; touching all chords from the fire of Boadicea & the noble pathos of "The loss of the Royal George" to the broad ^{thorough} humour of John Kilpin's "Hike". He did not care much for scientific reading, but felt interested in Franklin's new discoveries about the lightning & Herschel's new planet loyally called after the King; and had even read something of that eccentric Scotchman, Lord Mervell, who traces man up to a pair of primeval apes, who by constant sitting had worn off their tails. The great literary men of the day were doing a good work, lending their genius, as most of our great English writers have done, to the cause of morality & good. The lives of these great literary men are refreshing oases amidst the desert of evil that the political & fashionable world of the period presents to our view.

~~Street~~ My grandfather is putting on his hat, to go out to visit a friend. Let us follow him through the streets. London has been wonderfully improved, the shop-signs, monstrous affairs ~~projecting~~ like public house signs, have been taken down; and for the first time a smooth footpath has been formed raised above the carriage road. Yet London streets ~~are~~ not yet pleasant to walk in. There is no police patrol to keep order, & well dressed people of either sex are liable to insult or personal injury, and every now & then a block of carriages & sedan chairs occurs & a general row is the result.

As it is a wet day my grandfather has issued forth armed with an umbrella, for he is always ready to avail himself of new inventions. Such an umbrella! W. Gamp's was elegance ~~itself~~ compared with this, of which my grandfather is so proud. You may have seen a humble imitation in some market cart serving ~~to~~ ^{for} cover a farmer & his whole family. A handle like the mast of a yacht, from whence spring huge whalebone ribs, ~~over which~~ ^{over these} is stretched an old skin tarpaulin. It weighs as much as a musket, and like a musket he shouldered it when the ~~rain~~ ^{sun} clears off. The streets being very muddy he has on a pair of pattens which lift him bright shoe-buckles & all - a good three inches out of the mud, & give him the stature of Goliath. Yet in spite of all his equipment he is doomed to trouble. The city authorities had certainly abolished the waterpouts, which projecting over the street had been accustomed to deluge unfortunate passengers, but other dangers abound. A mischievous huckney coachman, seeing him so carefully got up, took advantage of a pool of slush, to splash him from head to foot with a deluge of black mud, & as the umbrella & pattens rather encumbered him, a couple of idle scamps jostled him & tripped him up into the gutter, the crowd greatly appreciating the joke, but the

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victim emerging much the worse both in temper & appearance.
~~night~~ At last however he reaches his friend's house brushes off the
dust & regains his naturally amiability; very imprudently
however he prolongs his visit till near midnight, a rashness
for which he will pay dearly. As he picks his way through
the dark & dismal streets with only here & there the glimmer
of an oil lamp to guide him, he descries a link boy & hires
him to light ~~the way~~ ^{his way} with his torch. But suddenly as he
passes a tavern a party of young bloods ^{enough} bent on a frolic. They
seize him, bonnet him, roll him in the gutter, and as he
~~does not~~ makes some resistance at last beat him soundly. An
overdaring Charlie or Katchman who very imprudently interposes
gets a still severer drubbing, & then the scamps reel off to
seek fresh game. The link-boy has disappeared, so my
grandfather has to find his way home in the dark, & though
as a citizen of London he is safe from His Majesty's Press
gang for the Fleet, which is hard at work to night, yet he
will be lucky if he gets home, before some footpad with
less respect for his citizenship has lightened him of watch & purse.

~~Criminal~~ If such a misfortune did happen there was small chance
of the thief being caught. The criminal classes in London were
at this time well organized & their numerous haunts quite
impregnable, while the small force of constables & watchmen
were a bye word for inefficiency. His only chance of finding
the robber would be by getting the authorities to offer a reward.
£20 was the ordinary price for a highway man, £15 for a burglar
£2 for smaller criminals. Then some thief taker or public
informant would take up the case. He might be a professional or
might only catch ~~out~~ a thief occasionally to eke out the profits
of his trade. It is quite likely that he would not stick at a
little hard swearing in order to fix the crime on the man he
had caught; though even if the evidence was clear the jury might

very probably decline to convict. For the laws were horribly
barbarous. Death was the punishment for the larger number
of crimes. Poor wretches were hanged half a dozen at a time. Some
of the instances are almost incredible. Two boys were hanged for
stealing a purse containing 2s. and a brass counter. Another
poor fellow stole an hour glass out of a shoemaker's window, and
~~was arrested & then~~ ~~was set at liberty & earned his living for some time &~~
was after a long respite during which he had been ^{at liberty & been} earning his
living, was at last hanged. Executions were frightful spectacles of
riot. Noted highwaymen were often escorted by a perfect
triumphal procession to the gallows at Tyburn; the cart being
decked with ribbons & flowers, & the party stopping at times to
refresh themselves with a dram. Many criminals were left
for months hanging in chains on the gallows, as a warning
spectacle for the country. For minor diversions there was
whipping at the cart's tail, when poor wretches were dragged
through the streets half naked & bricking under the hangman's
lash. The pillory however was the most diverting amusement.
Men were placed in it for all sorts of crimes, from the vilest
possible to the printing a libel against a minister of state.
The punishment depended entirely on the fancy of the rabble
who stood round the pillory victim, howling & yelling, and
flinging rotten eggs, dead cats, & all manner of filth, if he
was unpopular, or cheering & giving him a perfect ovation if he
pleased them. Thus the printer of the celebrated N° 45 of the North
Briton, containing a libel against the King, stood in the pillory in
1765 with a sprig of laurel in his hand, amidst the cheers
of more than 10,000 people. Sometimes the multitude
took a terrible vengeance. In 1756 four thief takers were
set in the pillory for inducing two boys to commit a robbery &
then informing against them for the sake of the reward. There
was a tremendous uproar & many people were injured. One
of the criminals was killed outright by a blow of a stone.
~~to wit~~ ~~that it is said that the died of their wounds~~

in Newgate, & the fourth was severely hurt. Of 12
small offences the people themselves took cognizance.
Pickpockets caught in the fact, were usually dragged to the
nearest pond or pump & subjected to the cold water cure
while they showed any signs of life. Young thieves were
soundly thrashed & then turned adrift. The jails were
frightful places, horrible dens of corruption, where hundreds
of poor wretches were swept off by the jail fever. It took many
years of labour of John Howard, & later of Buxton, Mr. Fry, &
the Gurneys to put things right.

~~Country~~
~~Travelling~~ Let us turn to pleasanter subjects. My grandfather
was urgent business which calls him to some little country
town, so he must travel. His wife makes preparations which
would now be thought extensive if he was going round the
world, and he takes an inside place in one of the new
coaches lately introduced by Mr. Palmer to carry his
Majesty's mails. Cautious people think him very foolhardy
not merely to risk the dangers of the road, - highwaymen & tipsters,
but to travel in a vehicle going at the tremendous pace of
ten miles an hour. Stories are told him of persons having
died of apoplexy in these coaches on account of the
fearful speed with which they flew. However he braves
all dangers & starts in company with 3 inside passengers
& 3 outside passengers, a full load. In course of time
a letter comes to his family describing his adventures,
praising the coach & the splendid road which he thought
perfection though ^{the name of} Macadam was then unknown. All his
anathemas were reserved for the abominable cross country
roads on which he had to travel when he left the coach
& the main line. ~~Some~~ ^{Some} in Essex he writes: - "Of all the
cursed roads that ever disgraced a kingdom, none were

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equalled that to Silbury. It is for near 12 miles so narrow
that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow
creep under his waggon to assist me to lift, if possible, my chair
over a hedge. The chalk waggons frequently stick fast till
a collection of them are in the same situation & 20 or 30 horses
~~cut~~ may be tacked to each to draw them out one by one. ~~Of~~
On the road between Preston & Wigan in Lancashire he says, he
"measured cuts four feet deep, after summer rain, & wonders
what it would be in winter. He complains of the road being mended
by tumbling in loose stones which serve no purpose but jolting
a carriage most intolerably." // His letters from home were
few & far between, the postage was very heavy seldom less than
a shilling often several shillings, so he either got them by private
hand or perhaps his family were fortunate enough to get them
franked by a Member of parliament. ~~That~~ ~~that~~ Forty years
later, before the penny post system, Rowland Hill estimated
that $\frac{4}{5}$ of the letters did not pass through the post office.
Those that he did get by post were carried by post boys, ~~who~~
travelling 3 or 4 miles an hour, & often indulging in a
nap by the road. This system the post office considered
much preferable to Palmer's Mail Coaches. When the letters
reached the little country town, they lie in the post office
till there are enough collected to be worth while delivering.
The old letter carrier then delivers them even in a more
leisurely way than the post boy had brought them, taking
very little trouble to find out the persons to whom they are
addressed. ~~He was much~~ Even the present P. O. authorities
cannot always accomplish this however. I met with two
addresses the other day, which were actually sent on letters posted
in England, & which have considerable vagueness about them.
"Mary Hall - in Manchester" Then as a help to the postman "She's
a tall woman with 2 children." And this one, which none
but a native of the Emerald Isle could have written. "To my

sister Bridget, or else to my brother John Burke, in care of ^{the}
the Pastor, who lives in Balcumbury in Cork, or if not,
to some decent neighbour in Ireland.

Countryside He returns however to my grandfather. He has to
visit one of the neighbouring squires on business. The roads are
awfully muddy; the fields badly cultivated, patches of cultivation
show amidst the swamps & wastes which make the chief features
of the landscape. As he approaches the gloomy mansion, he
sees no conservatories not even a flower garden, indeed he
would have been rather surprised if he had. He finds instead
the stables & kennels close under the windows of the house.

The squire, he writes home, is an ignorant, boisterous, hard drinking
fellow, his zeal as a magistrate is indefatigable, a constant
church visitor on Sunday, he often fines the rustics when
he hears them swear, though every third sentence he utters,
is attended with an oath that makes his hearers shudder.

The ladies of the house are badly educated, understanding
nothing but cookery, their library consists of a book of receipts,
a book of sports, some drinking songs, & a tract or two against
popery.

Working class He next sets himself to investigate the condition
of the working population. And here he finds great poverty
& misery. For during the last 15 or 20 years food had
risen in price much faster than wages. Carpenters, Masons
& Bricklayers wages had increased from 17/- to 25/- p. week.
Sailors earned about 25/- p. week. Farm labourers in Suffolk
got 9/- per week. Better class of servants, Butlers & £8 p. ann.

In the mean time Bread had risen from 10/- to 4/- the
quarter loaf (5 to 11 lbs 2 lb) Wheat which in 1770
was 11½/-, & in 1795 4/- p. lb. had risen in 1800 to the almost
incredible price of 2/8 p. lb. While wages had increased
three or four fold, food had risen 6 or 7 fold. The result

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was great destitution, labourers were entirely unable to support their families, who had to be assisted out of the poor rates. So that though the population had not doubled during the century, the poor rates had risen from half a million sterling to 3 millions &c.

The autobiography of a working man about this time gives the following as the food of a poor family in the West of England. "Broth, (principally oatmeal & water,) turnips, potatoes, cabbages & carrots." Between low wages & war prices, the condition even of skilled mechanics must have been very miserable. The popular amusements were such as might be expected from an ignorant & rude population. During his stay in the country town, my grandfather one day heard the bell of the town crier, so opening the window, he received the following information. - "O yes! O yes! this is to give notice, that Mr Samuel Mills of the Market Place, will bait a bull round the town this forenoon." ~~This notice~~ At the hour named a hideous hubbub of yells, screams, & the barking of dogs, resounded in the market place, giving warning to all peaceable folk to get themselves quickly within doors. At last the bull comes down the street at a rolling trot: the tortured victim carries a pertinacious cur or two swinging from his lip or nostril, with a dozen dogs also at his flanks & heels; squibs fizzing & bursting in his hide. He bleeds - he foams - he is covered with froth & blood. ~~Once again he tosses high in air~~ ^{he paws} the throws up a cloud of mud as he paws the ground in a fury of pain: ~~Once again~~ he tosses high in air a dog whom he had already gored; the dogs run at the sport often meet their death from his horns, to the vast delight of the crowd who push them on. At last utterly spent the wretched bull ^{again} reaches the market place, the crowd is tired too; so the slaughterman appears & as the bull lies incapable of further mischief, plunges his

Bull baiting, cock fighting, prize fighting & similar sports were good training for the grand amusements of a street riot. Practical jokes & rough license often led to serious affrays from the absence of police & more ~~serious~~ dangerous riots were not uncommon. ~~Let me recommend~~ Any one who wants a graphic account of one of the most terrible of these - the 'No Popery' riots of 1780 - will do well to read Dickens's 'Barnaby Rudge'. If drunkenness was rife amongst the middle & upper classes it was positively frightful among the lower in the scale. Before the passing of the licensing ^{some years before this} acts, the number of public houses in London was enormous. In St Giles' parish out of 2000 houses, 506 or 1 quarter were ginshops. We have still to deplore the prevalence of a vice that fills our jails, hospitals, & lunatic asylums, but the drunkenness of these days is temperance compared with the drunkenness of last century. In a population computed at one third of the present, the consumption of exciseable liquors was equal to what it is now.

~~Education~~ For the education of the poor no provision was made. They had drifted out of the reach of the church & the charity & free schools of earlier times were organised on too narrow a scale for their use. They were left to themselves, & were almost untangled. The followers of Wesley & Whitfield were labouring amongst them however & doing good service, if their teaching was mixed with fanaticism it was in the main sound & pure. ~~The evangelical~~ The increased religious feeling amongst other classes, showed its activity in the introduction of Sunday Schools by Mr. Trimmer. Since that time these institutions have done much for those who have least opportunity of gaining instruction.

~~Many a man on traces by lessons so received, the cause, fact that the instructions so given has made many a man a more prosperous man & a better citizen.~~

Evangelical

The same spirit gave rise to Sunday Schools has been active in England for the last 100 years, promoting every measure which tends to moral & social progress. So it chiefly we owe the magnificent benevolent institutions which are the pride of England. It stirred men up to a warmth of benevolence which the world has seldom seen. None were too degraded for its kindly care. It made Milberforce, the scholar, gentleman of fashion & fortune, the man of wit & talent, devote all his abilities & his whole life to the noble task of delivering the negro from bondage. It made Luke & others reform our lunatic Asylums & replace the old system barbarous treatment of the insane by a system of kindness. It founded Ragged & Free schools, homes for the destitute, hospitals, & Bible Societies. It reformed our prisons, established reformatories & humanized our barbarous penal code. And finally when England was bowed down by war, carried Christianity & Civilization to the Savages of the South Seas, and thus accomplished one of the most remarkable works recorded in history. It will be well for us if we do not fall behind our Grandfathers in their noble Christian benevolence.

Now

We have thus considered at some length the social state of England, let us see what effect war had upon my grandfathers comfort. When the French revolution broke out in 1789, many of the lovers of freedom in England hailed it as a glorious assertion of freedom by a great but down trodden people. But the Monarchs of Europe saw it with terror, & the atrocities & blasphemies of the French democratical revolution had not time to pass before it

it success. A Coalition of European ^{governments} nations was formed ¹⁸⁰⁰ to crush the Republic. The Republic on its part declared that it would deliver the people & give freedom to the world. Then came War - Italy was the first battlefield. It was to be delivered from the Austrian & the Pope. And in the war the young soldiers of the Republic gained immortal laurels; and rising first to Consul & then to Emperor, declared it to be his destiny to fulfil the idea of the Republic. All nations must bow to him, he will make the world one great confederacy, & he himself will be its head. Then it became for each people a struggle for national existence. Italy, Germany, Spain, Prussia, ~~and~~ crumble before him, and England is left apparently the only hope of Europe. And then the English people felt that, cost what it might, war with France must be continued, till its Chief, this common enemy was hurled from his throne. The nation became as one man in their bitter hatred of Napoleon, & their determination to overthrow him, for they knew if they did not succeed they could expect no mercy from him. At times ~~the situation seemed~~ almost hopeless, ~~the people~~ the nation exhausted by the deadly struggle, often thought that at last he would have to be fought on English grounds, for very heartless homes, for years an invasion was expected almost hourly & the country was in a panic of alarm. Mr Bonaparte kept huge masses of troops on the opposite shore, ready to pounce on the little island that dared dispute his supremacy.

Everyone in England was on the alert to resist him. Volunteers were drilled & in readiness to offer what resistance they could. Volunteering was more ^{earnest &} ~~truly~~ real in those days than in our times of security. Fancy, ^{living in} a town not far from the ~~East~~ Coast, was going on across the water; 30, or 40,000 soldiers in garrison, the whole town swarming

with red coats. The arrival of despatches from the Seat of War, the constant marching of troops, artillery practice, sham fights close at hand to real ones, regiments constantly leaving shipped off to the Continent to the war. And then when a transport arrived bringing sick & wounded home, and the waggon loads of helpless men who had passed through the fiery ordeal & fought so well for England came in mournful procession into the town. Military hospitals there were none or none large enough, & no trusses of straw would be spread in the market place, and as the trains of waggons halted, the townspeople would see the poor fellows feeble & limping about, or lying on the straw exhausted, legless, armless, and bandaged. Or worse still, those who had contracted mortal disease in the war & whose life was fast ebbing away. Volunteering could hardly be a holiday pastime amidst sights like these, they ~~made~~ brought the realities of war too vividly home to the senses. As there was no electric telegraph in those days, beacons were prepared on prominent hills so that the instant the invaders appeared, the alarm might be spread through the country & all troops be concentrated on the threatened spot. - His breath seemed ^{at times} to come very close to the volunteers. At two or three o'clock on a winters morning, the drum beats to muster from street to street. None know whether it is the enemy landing at sea, or but a fictitious alarm to test the efficiency of the volunteer force. In half an hour the roll is called at the place of meeting & very few are missing. Again if it was necessary at any time to bring into the town more troops than the barracks & public houses would hold, they were billeted on the inhabitants. Rich & poor according to their assessment had to turn out & give up rooms & beds to the soldiers. There were no houses left from the infliction. 4-

imagine the (terrible) discomfort of such an invasion of the ²⁰
sacredness of home. All who could ~~do~~ so sent their families
inland partly from dread of invasion, perhaps more from
dread ^{of} the more probable & much dreaded billeting.

And when the terror of passed away there remained heavy
burdens. Some few made fortunes by the war expenditure,
by the increased trade caused by large garrisons, but to
most the crippling of trade, the enormous war taxes, &
the great price of wheat & beasts brought great suffering.

To meet the war expenses rapidly increasing from 1793 there
was first the Income Tax of 10 p.c., taking a tenth of the
income in hard cash ~~weighing~~ a most grievous weight
on the industrial trading & professional classes especially those
who made conscientious returns. Then that tax of darkness
the window tax - other parliamentary assessments, the
ever swelling parish poor rates took more than another
tenth that is $\frac{1}{5}$ of an income in taxes. (£20 out of £100
£40 out of £200; £60 out of £300) The Baker asked $\frac{1}{6}$
to $\frac{1}{10}$ the quarter loaf (9 to 11. the 2th), the Butcher
 $\frac{1}{6}$ to $\frac{2}{6}$ p^{ts} for meat, & all other things were
at the highest prices. To many middle class families,
to tradesmen, professional men, ministers it was simply
the stripping off all the comforts of life, it meant daily
denials, abstinence, ~~almost~~ starvation. Many sank under
the privations of those terrible years, feeble constitutions giving
way & finding in the burial ground rest from their privations.
Yet by the people in general all this was borne cheerfully,
for they knew that unless England was to be trampled upon
like Prussia & Austria, Bonaparte must be fought to the
death. Not till King Frost smote him in Russia in 1812, did
the clouds break, & not till Waterloo in 1815 was the struggle ended.

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Such were some of the costs of the great war not as shown by fluctuations in the Revenue, but in its pressure on individuals. We can understand the intensity of the interest with which news from the Army was looked for. No wires flashing news, in an hour or two, from the other end of Europe, no steamers hurrying across the water, no railway trains distributing newspapers all over the Kingdom within a few hours of the receipt of the news in London.

War news
The war news often took a fortnight to reach England by sailing packets, even then the intelligence was not always reliable, & people would be uncertain, for days almost weeks, whether the army had been victorious or defeated.

When the news of a great victory arrived the journey of the mail coach was like a triumphal progress. De Quincey describes the coaches starting from London on such an occasion. It was summer and in honour of the victory the horses & coach were decked with laurel & oak & flowers, which also adorned the bright scarlet uniforms of the coachman & guard. As the coach drove off it was followed by the enthusiastic cheers of the Spectators who thronged in crowds. As they boded along through the northern suburbs of London, they are seen from every storey of every house. "Heads of every age crowd to the windows, - young & old understanding the language of our victorious symbols - and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us & before us. The beggar rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness - real or assumed. - thinks not of his wheining trade, but stands erect, with bold & sultry smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, & says, 'O thou whole!' Women & children, from garrets alike & cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons & our martial laurels; sometimes they kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals

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of affection, pocket handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything
that by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial
jubilation. So at every point of their progress, the same
ferocious of national feeling blazed out, in the day time
the crowds who stood at various points in the blazing sun
to ~~catch the~~ get the news as the coach flew past, when
they caught sight of the emblems of victory broke into vehement
cheering, and even at night the triumph was repeated, by
as the crowds who waited by torchlight the arrival of the coach
greeted with deafening cheers, the news that once more
~~lawful~~ had England's soldiers had gloriously done their
duty.

~~Machinery~~ While England was thus putting forth all her energies in
war, a great power ~~was~~ ^{had} springing up in her midst and was
effecting a ~~mighty~~ ^{power} social revolution. This was the power
of machinery, the advancements in the industrial arts
made by Brindley, & Hedgwood, by Arkwright & James
Hart & their many followers. At that time ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~state~~ ^{state}
~~the mills~~ were to be found in the manufacturing districts, none
of those state mills which now swarm with hundreds of
pork people, all the manufacturing work was carried on
in the cottages of the spinners & weavers. My grandfather
might recollect when a boy having visited some of the little
manufacturing towns. And as he passed through "Spinners
Street" in the summer afternoon, he saw the women & girls
sitting in front of their cottages with their spinning wheels, ~~stop~~
~~and for turning~~ and as they trod to & fro twirling their
rickety engines, keeping themselves in heart & time - sometimes
by a merry sometimes by a plaintive ditty. On looking ^{into} one
of the cottages, he saw a great clumsy contrivance, rearing
its lumbering limbs, its botched & crazy smoke stained beams
to the ceiling. This was the handloom, at which the husband
& father - ~~labour~~ & wrinkled - half sitting, half standing -

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sent himself over his weaving. The husband, wife & girls
were endeavouring by 18 hours work per day to bar out absolute
starvation. But in vain did the spinning wheel & hand loom
fight against the power loom & the steam engine. These poor
people were fighting but a lost battle with Richard Arkwright
his mechanic host. There are few ~~more~~ chapters of
history more interesting, especially to the artisan, than the
story of the struggles of these heroes of the Cotton Mill.
All of them men who belonged to the working classes, they
fought the way for their inventions with a patient industry,
a ready wit, a noble resolution which places them among
England's heroes. They had not merely to contend with
mechanical difficulties, but Craft, malice, & prejudice
on the part of masters & men, & of the general public also.
Yet at last they fought their way to a triumphant success.
To spinners & handloom weavers the power loom & steam engine
caused great misery, to many absolute starvation; yet
the good wrought by the introduction of machinery has
far outbalanced its partial evils, it has raised up an
industry, which in place of the few hundreds of workmen
with rickety looms, employs thousands of work people
in mighty mills, ~~where better wages are paid to the hands,~~
~~more work is turned~~ at wages which would have been
~~affluence~~ wealth to the poor inhabitants of the manufacturing
villages. These villages are no more, but in their place have
risen large towns, and solitary places have been changed
into hives of swarming industry. It is not too much to say
that but for these mechanical heroes, aided by James Watt
his steam engine, multiplying her resources & increasing
a thousand fold her power, England could never have
stood the drain of the great war, but must have been
crushed by Napoleon. When Roswell visited the
great engineering works of ~~Watt~~ Boulton & Watt at Soles.

old Matthew Boulton said to him - "I sell here, Sir ²⁴
what all the world desires to have - Power." It is
this mechanical & industrial power, wrought out for her
by the genius of her sons, that places England first in
the ranks of civilization.

England's Commercial progress since 1801, that is during
65 years has been wonderful. Her population has ^{more than doubled} increased
from 9 millions to 20 millions. Her ^{people's} Revenue has risen from
15 millions ~~£~~ £7. to 70 millions ~~£~~ £7. Her imports
were ~~£~~ worth £30,000,000 ~~£~~ in 1800, in 1865 they were
more than seven times that amount £226,000,000. Her exports
worth £38,000,000 in 1800 ~~were~~ in 1865 £160,000,000, ~~more than~~
~~four times~~ ^{more than} a fourfold increase. Of these exports cotton
manufactures
5½ millions in 1800 } ~~had~~ were worth £6 mil £. in 1865
½ of a million in 1780 }

Politics Such has been her commercial prosperity, gained by
machinery. It would have been interesting to have looked
King at the growth of political freedom in my grandfather's days,
but time forbids. Suffice it to say that ~~he~~ my grandfather
stood firmly loyal to the king. In fact ~~he~~ ^{the, the one} represented order,
as opposed to the anarchy of the French democrats whose terrible
deeds had been too near to be easily forgotten. He ~~remembers vividly~~
~~the day when he was still young, when~~ ^{so} he revered
the king, & delighted in a ~~representation of him~~ ^{Libra's famous}
~~caricature of him~~ print of him as the King of Brobdingnag,
peering at a little Gulliver whom he holds on one hand, while
he examines him with an opera glass. Good, honest, stupid
narrow minded old King George was the giant, the little
pigmy was the ~~great~~ Napoleon. A fair sample of British
arrogance & insular prejudice. ~~Think of representing~~ Who but
the British would have thought of representing poor old King Geo.
as a great heroic king, & the great Napoleon as a contemptible dwarf.

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Yet the ^{honour} virtues of the King & Queen did ~~more~~ to and the decorum
of their court, had a great influence on English Society & did
much to strengthen the love of the people to the throne. It was
a dull & ~~homely~~ court, ~~as far removed~~ contrasting strongly
with the licentiousness of foreign courts, & the equal licence
of the French democrats. Is it not all set forth in those charming
pages of Thackeray's 'the Four Georges'. Its decorum, its dulness,
~~its stately ceremonial~~ & the ludicrous mishaps that marred
its stately ceremonial. How misfortunes would occur to kneeling
courtiers. Rubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, a ^{very} fat puffy man,
in a most gorgeous court suit, had to kneel & was so
fat & ~~stout~~ that he could not get up again. "Kneel, sir, kneel,"
cried my lord in waiting to a country mayor who had
to read an address, but who went on with his compliment
standing. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cries my lord in dreadful
alarm. "I can't," says the mayor, turning round, "don't you
see I have got a wooden leg." —

But we must bring our visit to a close.
My grandfather lived on to see gas introduced, to
see steam boats & railways, to use the electric telegraph,
even to accept Penny Postage, Photography & chloroform.
Yet though admitting the improvements social & mechanical,
he would still often sigh for the old times, for they were
still to him the good old times, the days when he
had health & strength, when life was fresh & joyous,
& the friends of his youth were around him.

At last he had done with life and went ^{to}
where beyond these voices there is peace.

So let us leave him & if we in these enlightened times

will but do our duty as well as many of our grandfathers
in those old slow & dark days; and if working men
can still be found to follow in the steps of their grandfathers,
the mechanic heroes, - the Peels, the Arkwrights & the Stephensons,
imitate their virtues, their patience & their courage; -
And every man who attempts it has so far improved
the world. - we need not fear either for England
or her colonies, - at least if her children retain that
love of right, of truth, of purity, and that free
manly religious spirit which has ever been their
glory. —————